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The Searchers: The Promise



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Chapter 1 by Alex Hors

Dedicated to all my friends and
People that I hold dear.
Thanks, guys.

Cedar Shifted through the leaves, searching for nuts, or other food.

"Cloudy!" He called out to a tree while eyeing the whole near the top. Twitching his tail, he waited for a response.

"What?" He heard his best friend coming out of her nest.

"I need you to help me with finding nuts!" He called to the white squirrel. Cloudys' eyes glinted in the sun.

"But uh Cedar I need you to help me pack some nuts away, not just eat them. I have a family to feed, you know." She said mischievously. "I know, but I'm hungry!"

"Oh come on!" Cedar muttered. "Fine! We can pack some nuts away for Fala and Dusty!" He called to her crossly. Cedar sighed and looked towards the house that once sheltered a kind girl who set out food for him.

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"You know she won't come back," Cloudy said, thrusting him out of his thoughts.

"I know, but she was useful in the winter. And it is getting close to winter now," He said, then looked at a tree that seemed to be sprouting away from itself, the trunk going in several different angles. "Is Yellow coming?" He asked Cloudy. The white squirrel shook her head.

"I don't know." She told him. Cedar sighed and walked to the tree that he was looking at. Cloudy followed him.

"You know she will never come out of her den for you." She said.

"Then why are you following me?" Cedar asked, and Cloudy sighed.

"Yellow, come on out!" Cedar called into a hole in the trunk of the split-tree. He thumped his foot really hard on the trunk near the hole.

"Who is it? What do you want?!? If you got nothing to say---" Yellow poked her head out of the hole, and broke off as she looked around and saw Cedar and Cloudy.

"Oh it's you." She muttered. "What do you want?" she snapped at Cedar, who was closest.

"We want you and Fox to help us gather nuts." Said Cloudy and Cedar. Yellow glared at them.

"Fox is sick, and I'm busy." She snapped. "Now go away!" She said, shoving them away from her hole.

Cedar sighed as he walked towards the apple tree, with Cloudy at his side. "I don't know why I even bothered, She is always being grumpy." He said. Cloudy looked up at him.

"How long do you think it will take for the people to cut down these trees? Or bring poison over? Cherry already died from poisoned food. We can't find enough nuts for us as well as Dusty and Fala."

There had been more and more poisoning of food lately, and few trees around where they lived still stood. Cedar shook his head, as if to clear it.

"I don't know, we might have to go and find a new home to live at." He said sadly.

When they got to Cloudy's nest with only 2 or 3 nuts in their paws, they were greeted by Fala.

"Where is Dusty?" Cloudy asked the small grey squirrel. Fala looked worried when she answered.

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"What do you fools want?!?" She hissed at them.

"We want to leave this place and go to some place else, and find a place with more food, we already heard of a good place. Besides, Dusty is sick from the poison. We have to leave!" Cedar revealed a note of desperation in his voice when saying the last few words. Yellow was motionless, and her face showed nothing.

"How sick?" She asked flatly, her voice toneless. Cloudy was the one who whispered the words. "She's dieing," Cloudy was silently crying, tears streaming down her cheeks like rivers, while her eyes like pools of dark water.

"Please, Yellow... We need to leave. I don't want Dusty to die. I don't want Fala to die either... Please." Cloudy pleaded with the old squirrel. Yellow sighed.

"Fine, I'll tell Fox that we are leaving. I hope that Dusty gets better." She added in a soft tone that was unusual to come from a squirrel like Yellow. Then she turned to her hole, and disappeared. Cedar held Dusty on his back, and climbed down the large oak tree. Dusty was dieing. Dusty had a fever. Dusty might not make it on this trip. No! How could he even think about this? Cedar sighed as he walked over to where Cloudy, Fala, Yellow, and Fox were standing

"Let's go." Cloudy said grimly and started to walk North, the night sky a beautiful blur of stars and light.

"Alright." Cedar sighed, as he looked one last time at his home. Then he followed Cloudy and Fala, aware of Fox and Yellow behind him.

They continued their journey for a several days, hungry, and thirsty. Looking for a place to live. Each day, they stopped at a nearby tree, and fell asleep from exhaustion. Then, each night, they would get up, check on how Dusty was doing, (which was usually not well), then they would move on, and do the same thing over again.

Cedar ran through the thick, dark forest. He could hear the sound of booming barking behind him. "Help! Cloudy! Yellow! Fox! Where are you?!?" He screamed. he could feel the dog's breath at his heels, He dared a quick glance behind him, And screamed with horror. It was huge black dog that seemed to be made of smoke and scars, it's ugly, red eyes glaring, his gaze boring down to the roots of Cedar's being. He woke with a jolt and gasped for breath after the horrid sight. He was in his nest with Cloudy and everyone safe. No dogs. No predators. He was safe. This

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"Who are you?" he called softly to her.

"I'm named Wig. Follow me," she said, and whisked away, at a run. Cedar followed her, he didn't know why. They zoomed past trees and houses. At last, Wig came to a stop. Now that she had light shining on her, Cedar could see that she had red with a gray-white tail.

"I hear that you are the group that have been traveling so that you guys can find a new place to live. Here it is," she said.

"here?" Cedar asked, looking around.

"Look through the branches," she said. Cedar looked through the branches of the pine tree that she was gesturing at.

"Wow! it's beautiful," he gasped, staring at the large willow tree with oaks, birches, and all sorts of other trees around the large, old willow.

"But you can come here, our leader won't like it. He has chased away all those who aren't from here, that don't belong. He said because they came for no reason. That they tried to steal our food." She said it sadly, and there was pain, and desperate loneliness that flashed in her eyes.

"But surely we can work out a deal? Won't he listen?" Cedar asked, astounded that there could be someone alive who wouldn't share feeding grounds with others.

"I guess you could try... He won't let you in without a reason..." Wig murmured sadly. Cedar sighed and walked back to their den, with each step, Cedar felt the Demon-dog

When he returned, Cedar told them what he saw, including the part about the beautiful willow, but as always, The Demon-dog haunted his thoughts.

"We should just ask to join them." Cloudy pointed out. "But we need a reason for them to join. They won't just let us in for no reason." he said, sighing.

"We could tell them about Dusty," Cloudy said. Dusty, who was still sick, was hardly moving at all, and looked smaller than ever, in the pile of leaves that she lay in.

"Good point, so are we bringing Fala along as evidence? They wouldn't like us to be bringing in a sick squirrel to their territory." said Cedar.

"Sure, but we need to be sure that Fala knows her rank, and must not misbehave." Cloudy said, glancing at Fala as she said this. Yellow was looking after Dusty, and Fox would soon leave to search for food.

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They left right away. When Cedar, Cloudy, and Fala got there, Cedar heard Cloudy and Fala gasp.

"Come on," he whispered to them, as he leapt from the branch he was on. As they approached the willow tree, Cedar saw many eyes stare at them through branches, under leaves, and from some hollow parts of a tree. The feeling of being watched burned him like fire through his fur. Because of the fear, it was the first time in a while he had completely forgotten about the Demon-dog. When the trio reached the tree, Cedar called out to it.

"Please show me your leader, we must speak." Cedar heard shifting through the trees, then, a single, large, black-and-white squirrel leaped out from the trees.

"You wish to speak with me?" he asked in a booming voice.

"Yes. I would like to talk about joining you, if you would have us, that is." Cedar said. "And why would I want you to join my family?" He asked Cedar coolly.

"Please, sir, we need shelter. my sister is sick, she is dying. If you want us to help with finding nuts or anything... We will do so..." Cloudy said, tears in her eyes as she told the leader.

He frowned. "Your sister is sick? Well she looks perfectly fine to me." he said.

"No, sir, I am the middle sister, the one who is sick is the youngest, she is smaller, and weaker than any of us. we have five, including my sister. Please, help us. We will do whatever it takes to help Dusty..." Fala told the large squirrel.

"Well, then, If that is the case, I guess that I can't help but insist that you join us if such a small squirrel is sick. How can such a small squirrel contain such a large amount of courage?" he asked, amusement and curiosity shining in his eyes. "Oh, and forgive me, My name is Bonzo." he said, chuckling.

"Thank you, Bonzo." said Cedar.

"Ah, and one more thing, you have to promise to do what we say, or else we will drive you out. ok?" Bonzo asked Cedar.

"I- No, we, promise." Cedar said with warmth and gratitude. Bonzo smiled and stuck out his left front paw, and Cedar took it. Relief swelled up inside him, making him feel ready to burst with joy. "Come on, guys. Let's go and get the others. We can now move to our new home." Cedar said, and looked up to see Wig's eyes, shining through the branches. Cedar mouthed the words

"Thank you!" Cedar said, and he and his sister and brother ran off. They were so happy that they didn't really care. It was the first time in a while he had completely forgotten about the Demon-dog. He had found a home.

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The sun threw golden patterns on the ground around her, and the wind blowing softly around the almost empty street as the old squirrel with a greying muzzle sat down next to a small pile of golden-red leaves. An enormous black, cloudy-looking dog with red eyes was howling with rage, and throwing itself against the bars of it's cage, but it could not break free. The old squirrel didn't seem to notice, but if she did she was ignoring it rather well. She looked at the beautiful orange dusk sky, while the sun dyed the clouds a pinkish color.

"You have done well, Cedar."

The End

Chapter 2 by Alex Hors



No more chapters plz!!!!

~Alex Hors

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